Mis.Pa. Why your husband woman is coming,
With halfe *Windsor* at his heeles,
To looke for a gentleman, that he saies
Is hid in this house: his wifes sweet-heart.
Mis.For. Speake louder. But I hope tis not true Mistris *Page.*
Mis.Pa. Tis too true woman. Therefore if you haue any heere, away with him, or y'are vndone for euer.
Mi.For. Alasse Mistris *Page*, what shall I do?
Heeres a gentleman my Friend, how shall I do?
Mis.Page. Gods body woman, do not stand what shall I do, and what shall I do. Better any shift, rather then you shamed. Looke here, heere's a Buck-basket, if he be a man of any reasonable size, hee'l in heere.
Mis.For. Alasse, I feare he is to big.
Fal. Let me see, let me see, Ile in, Ile in,
Follow your friends counsell.
Mis.Page. Fie sir *Iohn*, is this your loue? Go too.
Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee:
Helpe me to conuey me hence,
Ile neuer come heere more.

Sir Iohn goes into the Basket, they put cloathes ouer him, the two men carries it away: Foord meetes it, and all the rest, Page, Doctor, Priest, Slender, Shallow.

Ford. Come pray along, you shall see all.
How now who goes heere? Whither goes this?
Whither goes it? set it downe.
Mis.Ford. Now let it go, you had best meddle with buck-washing.

Foord.

Ford. Buck, good bucke, pray come along,
Master *Page*, take my keyes: helpe to search.
Good Sir *Hugh* pray come along, helpe a little,
A little, ile shew you all.
Sir Hu. By Iesu these are iealousies & distempers.

Exit omnes.

Mis:Page. He is in a pittifull taking.
Mis:Foord. I wonder what he thought
When my husband bad them set downe the basket.
Mis:Page. Hang him dishoneſt slaue, we cannot vse
Him bad enough. This is excellent for your
Husbands iealousie.
Mis:For. Alas poore soule, it grieues me at the hart,
But this will be a meanes to make him cease
His iealous fits, if *Falstaffes* loue increase.
M:Page. Nay we will send to *Falstaffe* once againe,
Tis great pitty we should leaue him so:
What, wiues may be merry, and yet honest too.
M:For. Shall we be condemnd because we laugh?
Tis old, but true; still sowes eate all the draffe.

Enter all.

M:Pa. Here comes your husband, stand aside.
For. I can finde no body within, it may be he lyed.
Mis:Page. Did you heare that?
Mis: Ford. I, I, peace.
For. Well, ile not let it go so, yet ile try further.
Sir Hu. By Iesu if there be any body in the kitchin,
Or the Cuberts, or the Presse, or the Buttery,
I am an arrant Iew: Now God plesse me:
You serue me well, do you not?
Page. Fie M. *Ford*, you are too blame.